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63D CONGRESS }
2d Session }

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN

(Late a Representative from New York)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN
THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE
UNITED STATES

SIXTY-THIRD CONGRESS

Proceedings in the House
June 21, 1914

Proceedings in the Senate
September 15, 1913

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DEATH OF HON. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

SATURDAY, *September 13, 1913.*

The House met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

How deep are Thy mysteries, O God! How exacting and insistent Thy mandates! We think; we plan; we aspire; we struggle; we fall. Thy will is supreme, and Thy will is good will.

Our wills are ours, we know not how;

Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Bear with our infirmities, and help us from our heart of hearts to say, "Thy will be done," not only in the spirit of humility, but in a firm resolve to act with Thee in the furtherance of Thy plans, under the spiritual leadership of Thy son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Mr. GITTINS. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the House the death of the Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, late a Representative from the thirteenth district of New York. I will not at this time, but I shall at some future time, ask the House to set apart a day when respect may be paid to his memory. I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 253

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, a Representative from the State of New York.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE SULLIVAN

Resolved, That a committee of 20 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expense in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

The Speaker announced the following committee:

Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Wilson of New York, Mr. Maher, Mr. Riordan, Mr. Goldfogle, Mr. Levy, Mr. Conry, Mr. Patten of New York, Mr. George, Mr. Goulden, Mr. Talcott of New York, Mr. Gittins, Mr. Kinkead of New Jersey, Mr. Payne, Mr. Calder, Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Danforth, Mr. Platt, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Chandler of New York.

Mr. GITTINS, Mr. Speaker, I now offer the further resolution which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

ADJOURNMENT

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 9 o'clock and 42 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until Monday, September 15, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon.

MONDAY, *September 15, 1913.*

The committee informally rose; and Mr. Barnhart having taken the chair as Speaker pro tempore, a message from the Senate, by Mr. Tulley, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, late a Representative from the State of New York.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the Vice President, to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

In compliance with the foregoing the Presiding Officer appointed as said committee Mr. O'Gorman, Mr. Root, Mr. Swanson, Mr. Martine of New Jersey, Mr. James, and Mr. Brandegee.

The message also announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative the Senate do now adjourn.

SATURDAY, May 23, 1914.

Mr. FITZGERALD. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the following order.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York asks unanimous consent for the present consideration of a resolution which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That Sunday, the 21st day of June, at 12 o'clock noon, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, late a Representative from the State of New York.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution?

There was no objection.

The resolution was agreed to.

SUNDAY, June 21, 1914.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon and was called to order by the Speaker pro tempore, Mr. Riordan.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Thou God and Father of us all, we wait on Thy blessing as we assemble here on this peaceful Sabbath day to commemorate the life and deeds of a departed Member of this House; who won by dint of his own efforts the confidence, love, and respect of his fellows and leaves behind him a worthy record as a servant of the people in his State and Nation. Strong of mind, warm of heart, generous to all who sought him, the poor, the needy, the sick, the distressed, the unfortunate, the outcast found in him a sympathetic, tender, and devoted friend.

We thank Thee for the germ of goodness and purity Thou hast imparted unto Thy children, especially for the good which sees, loves, and acts. Such were his virtues. So may we cherish his memory and emulate his virtues.

Comfort his many friends, his dear ones, and bring them at last to share with him the reward of an everlasting life. In the name of Him who taught us life, love, immortality, and how to pray—Our Father who art in heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Fitzgerald, by unanimous consent, *Ordered*, That Sunday, June 21, 1914, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, late a Representative from the State of New York.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

Mr. GOLDFOGLE. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, late a Member of this House from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That at the conclusion of to-day's proceedings the House, as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career, do stand adjourned.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. FITZGERALD, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: Among the oldest customs of this House is that of commemorating the lives, character, and public services of men who die while serving in its membership. However this custom may have originated, it is particularly appropriate that it should be perpetuated and followed by the House. In this era public men are subjected to so much criticism, and so much evil is attributed to them, so many sinister motives are charged as characterizing their every public act, that it is highly fitting that their intimate associates in public life should at some time make a record of the good things for which such men have been noted and the good they have been able to accomplish.

It is difficult for anyone who is not familiar with the complex life of the great metropolis of this country to understand and appreciate such a character as the late TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN. Many of those living to-day in the great city, unfamiliar with the conditions prevailing 30, 40, or 50 years ago, can have little understanding of the influences that not only made possible but imperatively forced such a man into domination in political affairs. New York is a great cosmopolitan community, to which come the poor and the oppressed from every clime in the civilized world. They naturally seek the help, friendship, and the assistance of some strong, dominant personality.

MR. SULLIVAN was born in the lower part of the city of New York, but his activities were identified with the

lower East Side, a section of the city much discussed but so little understood by idealists who attempt the impossible in the reformation of human nature. He was brought up in a school where strong men naturally force their way to the front. A man of great courage, of big heart, of winning personality, with sympathy always ready to extend to the unfortunate and the oppressed, he very quickly attracted to himself the loyal support of many persons who, indifferent to his political views, were attached to him because of the innumerable secret kindnesses which were extended through his bounty.

It is somewhat interesting to recall that the elements of his strength and his wonderful power in the politics in the city of New York were due to the same characteristics and conditions that first made Tammany Hall a dominant political force in that city.

The Columbian Order or Tammany Society was organized in 1789. It is a charitable and a patriotic society. Its purpose is to inculcate deeply in the hearts of the people the principles on which our Government is founded, to cultivate the patriotic spirit, and to help those who are unfortunate or in distress. From the early days in the history of the country the society was noted for the patriotic part it took in the effort to have suitable burial provided for the remains of the men known as the martyrs of the prison ships who, during the Revolutionary War, were taken prisoners by the British Army and imprisoned in a number of old sugar-cargo ships that were anchored in what is known as Wallabout Bay, the site of the present navy yard in the city of New York. By degrees this society, because of its patriotic aspirations and its lavish charities, attached to itself an innumerable following. It was the wonderful genius of Aaron Burr which first appreciated the political possibilities attaching to an organization that had so great a hold upon the ordinary people

of the community and realized that such a society could be instrumental and dominant in the political affairs of the community. If I recall correctly, although he was neither a grand sachem nor a sachem, nor even a member of that organization, by association and affiliation with the dominant spirits in it he repeatedly utilized his friendships with such men so that the society exerted considerable influence in political affairs.

Mr. SULLIVAN lived in accordance with this traditional spirit of the organization. The poor, the oppressed, those in distress in that great lower east-side section of the city of New York knew that he was a friend, one to whom an appeal was never made in vain.

In that wonderful community, with its magnificent businesses, its temples, its palaces, its culture, its refinement, and its wealth, the flotsam and jetsam of humanity is there cared for by wise dispensations of official and private organizations, but much of the distress is seldom reached except through the individual effort of some one in whom these derelicts of human nature have unbounded confidence. His was a charity that was not openly and publicly displayed. While there were innumerable ways in which he participated in the open and known charities, it was through the quiet and secret kindnesses that he extended to the distressed and the unfortunate, that a great body of men and women and children came to love him and respect him as their friend. A member of the Tammany Society and a member of what is known to-day as Tammany Hall—which, although it comprises in its membership the officials of the Columbian Order or Tammany Society, is still the term which is properly attributed to the official organization of the Democratic Party in the county of New York—his power and influence grew as his life was extended along the lines of somewhat useful endeavor. At the very outset of his

career he was a power in local politics. He served eight or nine years in the lower house of the Legislature of the State of New York. He served a number of years in the senate of the State of New York. He was elected to this House, retired, and reelected. Perhaps not many outside of his colleagues from his own State and those who had met him in other fields had become acquainted with him in this House. This was not his field. He was successful in the other bodies in which he had served, because his peculiar talents, his indefatigable industry, and his intimate knowledge of the business transacted by those bodies made him an effective and influential member of them.

It is true, as has been said, that the good that men do is interred with their bones, while the evil, if any, lives after them.

Judged by many standards Mr. SULLIVAN perhaps might not satisfy those who could not appreciate the peculiar conditions under which he had lived and worked. He acquired great political power in his community and in the organization of which he was a member, and it was due to the peculiar characteristics for which he was noted and without which no man can attain to political power in that organization and retain it, or attain power in politics in the great city of New York and retain it. Perhaps the chief of these characteristics is that a man must be truthful. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was a truthful man. He hated sham, and he avoided it. He was noted for his truthfulness of statement, and with the accompanying and necessary corollary that his word, when once given, was better than any bond or other security. Once his word was pledged, there was nothing that would induce him to break it. There was a story current in New York that illustrates that characteristic of the man. Within a not very distant past and under conditions with which I am

somewhat familiar, it is said that he had pledged his word to an important official to aid in preventing the nomination of a certain person for a high position in our State. The official to whom the assurance was given was so doubtful of the sincerity of the pledge that Mr. SULLIVAN remarked that if this man were nominated he would not be a candidate upon the same ticket with him. In the course of a few months the person discussed was nominated for the office mentioned, and the official to whom the statement was made reminded Mr. SULLIVAN of his promise. He thereupon declined to be a candidate for the State senate. The situation occasioned considerable curiosity and amazement. Those who claim to know the real facts insisted that it was merely an ordinary act of Mr. SULLIVAN in keeping his word regardless of the effect upon himself personally.

In political life in the city of New York there is not much else that men have upon which they can build their reputations and acquire power except the reputation for veracity, the knowledge that their plighted word is sacred, and an unswerving loyalty to their friends and associates. Whatever the turn of the wheel of fortune may be, men like Mr. SULLIVAN remain loyal to their friends. No matter what trouble overtakes them, no matter what criticism is provoked, no matter what personal sacrifice may be necessary, they are loyal to their followers and to their friends. My experience in politics leads me to believe that it is the very best and the most essential characteristic for success in public men. We frequently see the cold, selfish, keen, able man ready to sacrifice everyone and every principle that contributes to his success so long as his advancement will be furthered; but the rare and enduring characteristic of the men of lasting power and influence in public life is the strong sense of loyalty always in evidence, which makes

their friends, their associates, and their followers know that they will not be deserted in the time of travail and trouble. Mr. SULLIVAN was a big man. The popular nickname indicated the feeling of the people generally. He was "Big Tim." He was big physically, big hearted, big in his sympathies for the unfortunate, for the distressed, and big in the desire to serve and to advance the welfare of his fellow man. This virtue has seldom been attributed to him. He was the subject of vicious criticism. His faults—and he had them, as his friends know—were continually emphasized; but he was a humane man, with a great, large, overflowing heart. His memory is cherished sacredly in many humble homes where he has been of inestimable service. No one will ever know the number of young men and young women whom he has saved from a life of distress and of crime.

His helping hand was ever ready to lift up the unfortunate. He did not push them back because they had once erred. He knew his great East Side as few men knew it, and its people appreciated the better qualities which made up his personality.

Others of my colleagues will speak in more detail of his services to his country. Perhaps one of the last and most noted acts in his official career was the passage of a law which has been much discussed in our State. One of the things that contributed much to the misfortune and to the crime of the city of New York was the growing tendency upon the part of young men and of older men in certain sections in the city to acquire the habit of carrying firearms. Knowing the result that inevitably follows the carrying of firearms by men of quick temper and quicker impulses and passions, he had enacted a law which he hoped would eliminate that evil from our civil life. Others may point out some of the many other acts of legis-

lation for which he was responsible, but this one sought to reach a widespread evil which few men who are aspiring to statesmanship would have considered and but few would have known how to remedy. I knew Mr. SULLIVAN for 25 years. I became acquainted with him when I was quite a young man and I got to know him intimately. I learned to know and to love the good qualities and the good parts in his make-up. His memory is properly revered. The good which he has done should be emphasized and praised. We can kindly and in charity do what we all hope will be done when we pass away—draw a veil to cover whatever defects there may be in our lives—and we can join with those who have reason to cherish his memory in paying this brief tribute to the personality and character of a man who under the most disadvantageous circumstances rose to power, influence, and domination in the great metropolis of this country, and who in a quiet but effective way rendered many valuable services and kindnesses to many who would otherwise have been neglected.

ADDRESS OF MR. GOLDFOGLE, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: Almost a year has passed since "the Stern Reaper, who gathereth all in whenever in His wisdom he may appoint," laid his dark and icy hand on one of our number, TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN; and, in accordance with the beautiful and time-honored custom of the House, we pause amid the stress of legislative duties to fittingly pronounce our estimate on the life and character of the distinguished dead.

I rise, sir, to pay my tribute of respect to the memory of our departed colleague, whose life was one of intense interest, filled with varied experiences and marvelous activities.

He was born on February 6, 1863. At the early age of 23, then already popular with the people of his district, he was elected a member of the Assembly of the State of New York, in which he served eight continuous terms, until 1894. He was then chosen a State senator, and continued in the senate until 1903. In 1902 he was elected a Representative in the Fifty-eighth Congress, and reelected to the Fifty-ninth Congress, from which, after a brief service, he resigned to go back to the State senate. He was again chosen a senator, and finally elected by an admiring constituency to the Sixty-third Congress, in which he served until he met his untimely and tragic death.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN's character was as unique as it was great. From the very hour he reached manhood's

estate he became, and continued until his unfortunate death, a prominent figure in the politics of both State and city. As a leader of men he attracted widespread attention, not only of those engaged in public affairs, but of the citizenship generally. No man in our city was better or more widely known than he. No man within his time built up through personal effort and kept throughout the struggles and vicissitudes of political life a larger, stronger, or more faithful and loyal following.

In the State legislature, during the score of years of his service, he was a most influential and frequently a dominating factor. No man in the ordinary walks of private or public life had a larger acquaintance with men of every rank, station, and condition. His friends were countless thousands; not merely in the State, but were to be found throughout the Union. This man, whose influence among the people and in legislative halls was so extensive, whose power in legislature and in party council was so great, whose knowledge of public affairs so diversified, whose keenness of intellect gave him such insight into the intricacies of political affairs as at times made him master of political situations, whose army of friends and devoted followers were numberless, whose name was a household word in his district and the surrounding neighborhood, whose successes in business enterprises as well as in politics followed one another closely, whose liberal generosity, broad charity, and merciful kindness to the needy and the fallen brought cheer to many a heavy heart and sunshine to many a desolate home—this man came from the ranks of the lowly and the humble, for he was born in poverty and reared amid adversity.

Bereft of his father when but a small lad, TIMOTHY in his earliest years had already tasted the cup of sorrow. He became a newsboy, and with the scant earnings from

vending papers in the street this ragged, barefooted boy aided in the support of his widowed mother.

I shall never forget the occasion when SULLIVAN, in a public meeting some years ago, spoke in defending himself against an attack made on him in the public prints. It was contrary to his custom to reply to such criticism, but this once he departed from his accustomed way. He referred feelingly to his early training by his aged mother; and this strong, manly man, who had courageously fought many a battle and bravely withstood many a political storm, burst into tears that told more deeply than words can describe the depths of his filial love and the intensity of his sympathetic soul.

He represented part of the East Side of New York City. Its population, comprising people of various nationalities, animated by their love and appreciation of the value of our American institutions, take pride and display keen interest in the men they select for public office. It is a tenement-house district, abounding with myriads of homes of the struggling and toiling masses. It has not the advantages of the more fortunate and wealthy, but it is rich—exceedingly rich—in the possession of a good, honest, intelligent, thrifty, and industrious people, the so-called everyday people, who make up the bone and sinew and contribute to the strength and the pride of our citizenship and the welfare of our country.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was in close sympathy and touch with his people. He mingled with them in the warm spirit of genuine fellowship. The most humble and unfortunate could approach him as readily as those in the higher ranks of life. Kind-hearted and generous to a fault, he never was so happy as when he could relieve the distress of the poor or assist some erring being who in his weakness needed the aid of his fellow man to help

him rise again. He understood the frailties of human nature and what temptations in the hour of penury and sorrow and tribulation beset men. He did not, as some do, preach mercy and kindness and forgiveness and then withhold the helping hand from the fallen and penitent who might thereby regain usefulness and be restored to self-respect. The grief of man or woman, the tear of suffering child, the pitiful entreaty of an erring soul, appealed quickly to his gentle and sympathetic nature. His manifold acts of kindness attested that he was in unison with the sentiment expressed by the poet:

In men whom we condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom we pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.

He had risen to a position of affluence, yet he was always the same plain man of the people. He never forgot he sprang from them and was uplifted by them. He observed one rule for rich and poor alike. He was a man of action and of deeds, and not of words. Indeed—

He blew no trumpet in the market place,
Nor in the church, with hypocritic face,
Supplied with cant the lack of manly grace.
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands stood still.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was an uncompromising Democrat. He fought hard and skillfully for his party and never failed in the district wherein he was the idol of his followers to bring success to the Democratic ticket. Yet, withal, his fairness secured for him a host of friends from the ranks of his political adversaries.

He was not an orator who dealt in flowery language and ornate periods, but a logical, practical, and convincing

talker who presented his facts clearly in a common-sense way and frequently with commanding power. Had he remained in Congress he might have developed into a useful, working Member. His large legislative experience would have stood him well in hand and his work in committee could have been most useful. There is a mistaken notion prevalent among many of the American people that the best work of Congress is done on the floor and that to be a useful Member one must be found there indulging frequently in spirited debate. They little know that some of the most laborious and serviceable work is done by the earnest, sincere Member of the House in the committee room. And after all, there in the committee room, where the complex problems are first investigated and discussed, and where the difficult task of framing and shaping legislation to be reported to the House, or where bills without merit are to be laid aside, is where the usefulness, the skill, and the ability of a Member is oft put to severe test.

The malady with which Mr. SULLIVAN was stricken unfortunately cut short his career, and in September last we were startled with the intelligence of his pathetic death. The reports published in almost every newspaper in the land sent a shudder of horror through us all. It was the story of a great tragedy, and friend and foe alike in sorrow mourned. Again came vividly and in startling form the lesson we so frequently forget that teaches the uncertainty of human life. The awful story of the tragic death of this man whose district loved him so devotedly cast a gloom all over the locality where he was known so well. The people there mourned as they had never mourned before the loss of any of their neighbors or public men. The terrible news that this man in the prime of life and the height of his career had met with such a

fearful fate brought again to the minds of men a realization of how vain after all is this transitory existence.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Mr. Speaker, the funeral of TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was one of the most remarkable in point of attendance of people and in general sorrowing and mourning of a devoted constituency ever witnessed anywhere. For days the body of the deceased lay in the club house on the Bowery, and the scene there of men and women, with saddened faces and tearful eyes, coming and going by the thousands during all the hours and way into the far hours of the night was most inspiring and deeply affecting. As the throngs came and went—the rich, the middle class, and the poor—as the many thousands of those who had been the recipients of SULLIVAN's benefactions and his kindness cast longing, lingering looks on the face of the man they had loved so well, as they knelt and silently prayed for the repose of his soul and then departed with faces betokening unfeigned sorrow and poignant grief at the loss of him who was in truth their friend, the stoutest heart was moved to tears. The floral tributes coming from every quarter of the city and from other sections of the State, the attendance of men and women and children from far and wide to pay respect to the memory of this man attested the universal popularity of our late colleague whose life, whose career, and death are so full of incident, so dramatic in detail, so fraught with lessons of equal opportunity in this Republic to all.

And those of us who in the sad contemplations of this hour reflect upon the many who have left us to go to the

land of shadows and enter the state of a blissful immortality, as we take a retrospect and think of the losses we have suffered in the past we may well say—

Life's shores are shifting
Every year.
And we are seaward drifting
Every year,
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.
But the truer life grows higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

ADDRESS OF MR. KAHN, OF CALIFORNIA

MR. SPEAKER: The life and public service of our late colleague, Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, are a shining example of the great possibilities that lie in the path of every American citizen. He was one of the plain people—a true type of his constituents. They looked to him for leadership and advice and always found a sympathetic listener and a willing counselor whenever they applied to him for sympathy or counsel. His was a strong character. He was an apt student in the school of practical experience. He learned to know men as they are, not as the idealists paint them. He became a leader among his fellows because the plain people whom he represented believed in him and had confidence in his judgment.

His goodness of heart and his many deeds of charity made his name a household word in hundreds of the homes of his congressional district. Indeed, his bounty and his charity were known all over the great metropolis in which he was born and grew to man's estate. He was always willing to extend aid to relieve distress and to give help to the needy. His goodness of heart and his love of his fellow man manifested themselves in various benefactions for which he became justly noted. He always found time to give a little attention to those who were less fortunate than he in the struggle for existence. Small wonder, therefore, that when the news of his tragic death was announced in the press of the country there was genuine sorrow for this big-hearted, liberal-minded son of the East Side of New York. The thousands who stood with bent head and tearful eyes as his remains were car-

ried to their last resting place attested more eloquently than spoken words the deep affection they had for this simple, rugged type of the self-made American citizen.

Personally, representing in part the city of San Francisco, Cal., and speaking for my constituency, I take this occasion to express the deep sense of obligation and gratitude which I and my constituents feel toward our late colleague. In 1911 the city of San Francisco desired to receive congressional recognition as the place to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal in 1915. The contest for the honor was a long and hard-fought battle. Mr. SULLIVAN had unbounded confidence in the future of the great West and felt that San Francisco was the logical point at which the exposition in commemoration of the completion of that feat should be celebrated. Without hesitation he threw the weight of his great influence in favor of San Francisco. He was a tower of strength to our cause in that fight. I believe it but justice to his memory to make this brief statement in acknowledgment of the debt of gratitude which we of San Francisco and the Pacific coast owe him.

ADDRESS OF MR. TEN EYCK, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: My late colleague, TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, has been called from among us to fill his allotted place in the great to-morrow without having had an opportunity to fill his last mission which an admiring and loving constituency intrusted to him. His personality will live forever in the hearts of the people in the great East Side of New York until they are called to cross the border to meet him on the other side, and the record of his charitable deeds will be handed down to their children's children as folklore in the community of his birth.

His hearty laugh, his genial manner, and his earnest and sincere loyalty to the people in his neighborhood, together with his deep interest in humanity and human kind, won him their everlasting gratitude, respect, love, and adoration, which all combined compose the bouquet of the human heart.

His parents belonged to that noble race whose love of liberty has caused them to fight on the side of freedom under every flag when it stood for justice and equality of the individual, and that race finally achieved self-government without an armed conflict. The inborn love for his fellow man, which shone out of his radiant face at all times, he inherited from his ancestral lineage.

He was born among the poor in the district that he represented, in the country his parents adopted, and never deserted their interests. He, knowing their wants by intimate contact, saw that they were filled; he was the arbitrator of their disputes, the leader in their pleasures, the champion of their cause, and the idol of their hearts.

They, in turn, honored him with the best gift they had—their franchise, which placed him among us as a Member of the House of Representatives, previously having sent him to the New York Legislature, and thus delegating to him their interests in the framing of the laws under which they have to live.

His name is spoken of in reverence; his life, which he lived for others, is referred to in terms of the deepest gratitude radiating from the hearts and souls of the poor people of the city in which he lived his life. His death is hallowed by that true and sincere reverence and sorrow that the poor and lonely can only know.

ADDRESS OF MR. CONRY, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN was a pioneer, a toiler, a leader in that great field of humanitarian activity that relieved the great East Side of 20 years ago of many of its sorrows, its hardships, and its woes. And we are met here to-day, in accordance with the time-honored custom of this House, to tell the simple story of his struggles for his fellow man, and to pay a well-merited tribute to his noble work and his great personal worth.

He possessed a strikingly attractive and magnetic personality, which enabled him to make and to retain friends. As a leader among men he ruled not with an iron hand but with a sympathetic and disinterested spirit of kindly consideration that impressed the recipient of his favor with the dignity and grandeur of his ingenuous nature. As a man he was ardently beloved by his friends and highly esteemed and honored by all who knew and understood his work. His good deeds and generous nature embraced all mankind and were circumscribed by no mean or narrow distinctions of race, creed, color, or condition in life. He was primarily the friend of the poor and the needy, and scores of the fallen and the outcast were given a new start and a better chance in life by this big-hearted, whole-souled, manly man.

He was always kind, and ever sought to win the confidence of men by sympathy and love. There was not even the semblance of malice in his nature. To him his erring and fallen brothers did not seem entirely depraved, although considered so by society. He believed they were not wholly bad, and that there dwelled deep down in the heart of every man, however unfortunate or misguided,

true and God-given promptings and aspirations to the higher and nobler ideals of life. He knew that back of every thought and act were the original forces of heredity, that could be regulated and controlled by environment and circumstances, which furnished the seeds of either good or evil. And through all his days, with sound and stainless heart, he was kind, compassionate, tender, and helpful to the erring.

Born on the East Side, of poor but honest parents, richly endowed with the sterling qualities of good old Irish stock, he spent his infancy and youth amid the struggle and strife of the crowded streets of a great city. His father died, leaving him, at the tender age of 8, in poverty and obscurity, to begin the battle of life for the support of his widowed mother and her helpless children.

His childhood and youth were not passed in the comparatively easy poverty of the country, but in the repressive atmosphere of the grinding, sordid, baleful poverty of the congested districts of a great city. The inspiration of majestic nature in all her varied charms and beauty played very little part in the development of the character and quality of young TIM SULLIVAN. The bright and glorious sunrise, the whisper of the breeze in the forest, the sweet songs of the birds, the ever-changing aspects of nature from verdant spring to golden harvest, never came with their mysterious blessings to mellow his young life. But from early childhood, through youth and young manhood, to maturity he found his inspiration in the faces of men and women living, like himself, the lives of hardship and struggle, lives from which the simple struggle for a bare existence sapped all the strength and energy of strong men and taxed to the breaking point the endurance of patient, loyal, devoted, self-sacrificing women. To carry whatever sunshine of human kindness he could find into these lives, to make this eternal and ceaseless

battle of the breadwinner struggling for a mere existence a little lighter, became the constant aim and steady purpose of his noble life.

Inspired by a strong and deep-rooted love and solicitude for the welfare of his mother, his restless, ambitious nature craved ardently for work. He became a news-boy, then a bundle boy and a hustler in the newspaper offices of Park Row. His energy, industry, and activity soon won for him rapid advancement and promotion.

He was big, brawny, handsome, good-natured, and generous hearted, and by force of his dominating personality he forged to leadership, even in his childhood. He was the arbiter for his companions in their boyhood disputes, and the invariable justness of his decisions won for him the admiration, the confidence, and the esteem of all who knew him. He had the native wisdom of the untutored philosopher, the common sense of the matured man, and the heart of an innocent child.

He became active in politics, and soon won to his standard the men of the community who were worth while and who believed in his honesty, his loyalty, and his sincerity. He became in steady succession the leader of his district, assemblyman, senator, Congressman. He was elected to every office of honor and distinction to which he aspired by overwhelming majorities. He never knew defeat. His people were as loyal to him as he was to them.

So completely had he won their affection and their confidence that there was no honor within the gift of his loyal and devoted people that they would not willingly have bestowed upon him. He was supreme in his district, and his supremacy was built upon the great love he had for the poor, the forsaken, the friendless. He shielded the weak and attacked the strong and gave to every man a square deal.

In business, as in politics, success and prosperity rewarded his genius and industry. His name became prominently associated with business enterprises extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast—enterprises through which he accumulated vast wealth. And he always acted in the control of that wealth upon the principle "that no man liveth and no man dieth unto himself alone." Mankind can not value the heritage of a life well lived. We can not all agree as to the life of any man; but if we write their good deeds upon the tablets of our hearts and their faults upon the sands of the seashore, when the waves have washed across the beach we will have stored up ideals for the betterment of mankind.

Stirred by the pathos of human suffering, knowing the pall that falls on every life that is blighted by adversity, knowing the anguish, the sorrow, the tears, the heart-aches that lie within the lowly walls of the East Side tenement, this great and generous spirit, with sensibilities keenly alive to human frailty in all its forms, strove with all his power to better the lot of his less fortunate fellow man. Attacked on every side, maligned by those whose selfish interests were best subserved by impugning his lofty motives, assailed by all who preached the doctrine of scientific charity, a species of charity that his generous nature and noble heart could never understand, he wavered not in his steady purpose, but persevered wholehearted to the end.

He had no sympathy with the propaganda of scientific charity, but he did possess that serene philosophy that looks on sin as the inherent weakness of human nature and pities those who fall.

He lived a life replete with good and noble deeds, and each day added to the sum of human happiness. By direct giving and personal benefaction he carried happi-

ness into the hearts of more people, relieved more distress, fed more of the hungry, clothed more of the poor, buried more of the unfortunate dead, and gave a new start in life to more of the helpless, the hopeless, the bruised and persecuted children of misfortune than was ever dreamed of in the whole philosophy of scientific charity. And his memory to-day is lovingly enshrined in the hearts of more men, women, and children, more clergymen, judges, lawyers, doctors, merchants, more of the rich, the poor, and the unfortunate than that of any other public man that has departed this life in the great metropolis in recent times.

The name of this noble soul is a household word in the great throbbing East Side. He battled for the hopes of men. His heart was with the unfortunate. He stood against the onslaughts of greed that preyed upon the lifeblood of the poor. In his beneficent labors for the outcast he did not fear to stand alone. He was brave, generous, loyal, and true, and he will long live in the affectionate regard of the legions of the lowly, who always looked up to him as their protector and their friend.

ADDRESS OF MR. GOULDEN, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: However familiar to us may be the details of the life of our lamented colleague, TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, "time does not wither nor custom stale" them; each fresh narration is a "twice-told tale" of fascinating interest and power. The eloquent presentation of the facts of his life to which we have listened only serves to impress us more profoundly than ever with a sense of the man's bigness, and nothing now remains for those of us who knew him personally except to add a touch of color here and there to the portrait of him which has now been painted.

Considering only the externals of his life, the things most in the public eye, the one most impressive thing about him is that he was a self-made man. We hear much of such men in our land, and many are held up for the admiration and emulation of our youth; our democracy is boasted as the nursery of self-made men. But when the elements of family and social influence, hereditary wealth or prerogatives, fortunate circumstances, and good luck are eliminated, little is left of the "self-made" in many of these notable examples.

But analyze Representative SULLIVAN'S life as you will, you can not escape the conclusion that his success, worldly or otherwise, was not due to adventitious aids, but solely and entirely to his native abilities and ambition, to restless energy and creative faculties. His desire to succeed and be an independent factor in life made

him a business man in his teens; his power over men, his talent for leadership, his magnetic personality, manifested themselves so early that he was an elected representative of his people as soon as he was a man.

True, he was a politician, and it has become the fashion to deride politicians as the epitome of all that is opposed to the interests of the people. Yet, judged even by the standards of the reformers and uplifters, Representative SULLIVAN was a fine example of success in public life. He represented the people of his district in the State assembly and senate and in Congress so well that he broke down all party lines and became the idol of every man, woman, and child. It was said of him that he carried his district around in his pocket. The truth was that he carried his district around in his personality, and it is given to few men to inspire in their friends and neighbors such affectionate devotion, such unbounded loyalty, as was given to him by all the people of his district.

And he deserved it all. Throughout his public life, and in the business life which brought him a competence and showed how well he could succeed in any field, he was ever a man of his word. He was a plain dealer and a truth-teller; he hated quibbles and evasions and technicalities; he tried for big things, he achieved big things, and success was dear to him; yet he would rather have failed a thousand times than once go back on his pledged word, the word which was his bond. In his own picturesque language, he was neither a "quitter" nor a "welcher." He was straight and true to the core, and upon that foundation his friends and followers built up their faith and loyalty.

But the most impressive side of his character, and the least known to the general public, was his bigness of heart, his free hand in the distribution of aid to the needy

and helpless; his charities were not reported in the newspapers, and he was not a founder of colleges or libraries; yet for many years, in spite of the lack of press agents, he was the big brother and ever-ready friend to hundreds of families and thousands of people; he gave so freely and cheerfully, without question as to the history of the applicant or the use of the largess, that his close associates had to invent schemes to protect him from poverty.

He was thus a man of the people, never found wanting in times of trouble or need, the tried and true friend when the real test of friendship came. He was never much of an orator or talker; he never—

Walked beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be.

He was a man of deeds, of friendly acts, of the helping hand to his friends and neighbors; "the still strong man in a blatant land." His attitude toward life can be summed up in those splendid lines of Sam Walter Foss—

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

After years of personal association the term "Big Tim," to those privileged to so call him, came to represent all of affection and genuine feeling that could be crowded into a name; and his monument is now in the hearts of countless thousands who mourned his passing as a personal loss.

His end was a pathetic one, and yet such as he would have wished; no trappings or pageants, no "last words" to a tearful accompaniment; he wished to steal away as quietly as he could, without disturbance to the friends whose hearts were overflowing with love for him. He

felt that his work was done, and he wanted to pass out unnoticed.

Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the waters' flow—
Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.

Thus quietly did he go; his memory will be no "thistle on the wind of many men's tongues," but a throbbing wound in loving hearts, lasting while life endures.

Peace to his ashes;
Honor to his memory.

ADDRESS OF MR. GRIFFIN, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: The House of Representatives, following a sacred custom, pauses on this Sabbath afternoon to render its tribute of respect to the name and memory of the late lamented TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, who represented in this Congress the thirteenth New York district.

Born in New York City of Irish parentage in 1863, at a time when the North and South were engaged in unhappy internecine strife, his life spells American opportunity.

Poverty was his heritage. He made his own way in the business world and in legislative halls by force of character. He rose from newsboy on the streets of the metropolis to a legislator of prominence in the Empire State, having been a member of the assembly for 5 years and a member of the State senate for 10 years. He also served in the Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth Congresses.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, affectionately known as "Big Tim" to every man, woman, and child in the thirteenth New York district, was a postgraduate in the course of practical politics. His word was his bond, his pledge once given ever remained inviolate. He was loyal to his friends, devoted to their interests, unswerving in his party fealty.

He was not a hypocritical, theoretical, moral uplifter, but a deep student of human nature, whose heart, early trained in the school of adversity, beat in sympathetic unison with the sufferings of frail humanity. The bare-foot newsboy on the streets of Manhattan had known the pang of hunger and the heartache of poverty. In the classroom of experience he learned the wonderful signifi-

cance of God's injunction, "Feed the hungry, clothe the naked." And when prosperity came he needed no urging to do the Master's bidding.

Christmas Day on the much-maligned, much-misunderstood Bowery, which loved him and which he loved, saw TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN in his happiest rôle--the almoner of the poor, the comforter of the afflicted. He loved mankind with a love that knew no limitations. His hands were always outstretched to the poor fellow who started life with the odds against him, who fell by the wayside in life's journey to the great beyond.

The words of his Creator, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," seemed to be the spirit that guided him in his treatment of those who sinned against society.

He is gone. The poor of New York City have lost a benefactor, the oppressed a champion, the fallen a mediator. He is gone, but his memory still lingers, and ever will, among the poor of the teeming lower East Side, who knew him best and loved him most.

Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath.

And stars to set; but all,

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

ADDRESS OF MR. GITTINS, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: It fell to my lot to make formal announcement here of the death of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, who had been elected to represent a New York City constituency here in the Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, and Sixty-third Congresses. He had also been four times elected and served four two-year terms in the senate of his native State. It was during my service in the State Senate of New York in 1911 and 1912 that I gained the pleasure and advantage of a somewhat intimate acquaintance with "Big Tim," as everyone called him. The name did not belie the man. It fitted, rather, every faculty of his mind, every phase of his character. It would not have been enough were he called "Big-Hearted Tim."

Mr. Speaker, one of the great compensations which attend membership in the American House of Representatives is the privilege of meeting and knowing great men, statesmen and leaders of people. I have never met a man in public life anywhere who took deeper hold on my affections than did BIG TIM SULLIVAN. His kind is the rarest kind. Many great minds there are, but few indeed have possessed such a heart. As deep and broad as the ocean was his humanity. He always loved mankind, but he loved it most in its afflictions. He was broad and tolerant. The humble thanks of the poor and afflicted brought more pleasure to his soul than any other worldly thing could give.

To speak of a man as genuine has always seemed to me the highest kind of tribute to personal character. Mr. SULLIVAN was genuine. People may speak of the artistic temperament, the judicial temperament, the legislative temperament, but "Big Tim" personified in his temperament all the cardinal virtues. He was filled with faith, hope, and charity; and with him the greatest of these was charity.

In temper he was as simple as a child, as brave as a lion, as tender as a woman. Candor and courage were marked virtues with him. He loved his country with an intense love, and the welfare of his constituents was his highest aim.

He advocated suffrage for women because, he said, he observed in late years as many women as men on the streets of New York at 6 o'clock in the morning.

I learned to respect him for his native wisdom and his broad learning, acquired in the bitter school of experience. His presence always lent a distinct quality to any conference on political and governmental subjects. He always advanced considerations which otherwise would not receive proper attention. His rise from abject poverty to a high place among the leaders of men can only be accounted for by crediting him with high qualities of both heart and mind and an industry of uncommon kind. His abstemious life was also a contributory cause. It is not generally known that he never drank liquor nor used tobacco.

For his simple virtue I would paraphrase Leigh Hunt's immortal poem:

Abou Big Tim (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Big Tim hold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Tim. "Nay; not so,"
Replied the angel. Tim spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Big Tim's name led all the rest.

ADDRESS OF MR. CALDER, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was a type of man in the public life in New York City that is fast becoming extinct. Born in that city in 1863 of Irish parentage, he was elected to the New York Assembly when hardly of age. He was subsequently elected to the senate and served for a number of years. He was elected to the Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth Congresses, again elected to the State senate, being elected in 1912 to the Sixty-third Congress. He was a comparatively young man; but in the years that he lived there were crowded together many events of a public character with which he had much to do. Congressman SULLIVAN was a natural leader of men. He did not dominate them through fear of his power, but rather through a kindly disposition. He practiced the art of winning his people by treating them kindly and taking care of them in their hour of distress. He had lived among them as a poor boy, grown up among them, knew their needs, and knew how to win their affection and loyalty.

Mr. SULLIVAN was a man of very large influence in the Democratic Party in New York City in that section lying south of Fourteenth Street, a section upon which the Democratic organization depended for its large majorities. Mr. SULLIVAN, through his years of leadership, was always accessible to every human being who lived in his neighborhood. He believed it the duty of a political leader to find employment for his people, to take care of them when they were sick, to bury their dead if their family was without funds; to save the wayward boy from prison and a life of crime when he was arrested for some slight violation of the law—in other words, he stood as

the father of his whole community. He never posed as the leader of his party in New York, but rather as one of the group of men who molded the policy of that party. I seldom agreed with Congressman SULLIVAN in any of the public policies he advocated, and have always been on the opposite side politically, but I had a very high regard for his constant consideration of his people, particularly his attitude toward the unfortunate and friendless of our city.

One Christmas Day, without being known, I visited his headquarters in the Bowery in New York City, where all the poor and derelicts of the city were gathered for their Christmas dinner. His custom was to give everybody who came a substantial meal, and before they left to provide them with some warm clothing and shoes to protect them from the winter weather. It was a wonderful sight, and I learned then why these men would vote for and with him on any measure, and die for him if asked. He had a kindly smile and was a man of exemplary personal habits. Among the people with whom he lived and by many great charities in the city of New York he will be sorely missed. I am glad to be present to-day and stand in my place to pay my personal tribute to this man who was so suddenly taken away, a man unique and a tower of strength in his day—a master politician of his kind and a big-hearted friend. New York City in his death lost one of its most interesting characters. The Democratic Party lost one of its strongest leaders, and the people of his district, irrespective of party, lost a kind, good, and true friend, and we all lost one of the most likeable men who ever became a leader.

ADDRESS OF MR. DALE, OF NEW YORK

MR. GOULDEN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to read an address sent here by our colleague, Hon. Harry Howard Dale, of the fourth New York district, who, much to his regret, is unavoidably absent to-day.

THE SPEAKER *pro tempore*. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from New York? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

MR. DALE. Mr. Speaker, the House of Representatives meets to-day to pay its final tribute of respect to one of its Members, the Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, who passed away on August 31, in the year 1913. The poor people of the city of New York were shocked to the extreme when the sad news reached them that their dearest friend's eyes had closed in death. Such was TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, that we gather here to-day to pay tribute to. As a New York boy beginning his life, the struggle being a hard one, he never forgot the fact that he was a member of the common people, and until his death was ever ready and willing to aid and assist them; and therefore this element which goes to make up the great population of the metropolitan city of New York will forever honor the grand characteristics and memory of their noble champion who has answered the inevitable summons.

It was my pleasure to have spent several years in the Legislature of the State of New York with him, which gave me opportunity to personally observe and study him, and I therefore, Mr. Speaker, refer to him by reason of personal knowledge. His great motto always was, "To make success, all men must help each other." The people of the city of New York loved him. Many a heavy heart

that stood on the shore of despair he gladdened by his ever-ready willingness, liberality, and charitable instinct. Most of his life was spent in what is known in the city of New York as the Bowery section, and he never forgot the scenes of his boyhood days, always keeping in touch with his people; always prominent in all their gatherings. He loved to associate with them, to greet them with a smile and a hearty grasp of the hand, and in return to receive their loyalty, love, and friendship. The letter carriers, the policemen, the firemen, the old soldiers, the friendless widow, and the homeless girl and boy will miss him, for he was ever their friend. They learned to know his ability and his worth, and they appreciated the faithfulness and devotion with which he served them. His memory will ever remain in the hearts of the people he represented so long and so ably. He was a self-made man. In his boyhood days he sold newspapers on the streets of New York.

Mr. Speaker, keeping that in mind and knowing what a great man he rose to be, it represents a hard and persistent battle. At a very early age, immediately after attaining his majority, he was elected to the Assembly of the State of New York to represent the people of the district where his boyhood days were spent. All that he was, the position that he achieved, was due to his own exertions and honest work. His career, indeed, furnishes a splendid lesson to the youth of this country and goes to show that in this land of the free and land of opportunity, however lowly or humble a boy's origin may be, he may rise to the highest rank and obtain the most exalted station. Of him it can be truly said that there is no stain upon his record and that he will be followed to his grave with the sincere regrets of all with whom he came in contact. Our colleague had an unfailing sense of humor, which smoothed over the rough obstacles of life we encounter on our travels.

He was a good story teller; so when we saw him come, how welcome he became, knowing the likelihood of an enlivening conversation. His knowledge of political subjects was large, so that his observations were illuminated by reference to national events and what the great statesmen of the country had said and done in connection therewith, and his quotations were accurate and pertinent. He did not have the ambition for an orator's reputation, but was always ever alert to protect the interests of his people; and he never permitted any matter in which they were interested to be neglected or passed by. He eagerly watched such measures and was ever watchful in securing votes for the side he favored. Thus his great use to his district was known by his people and appreciated handsomely at the polls. He was an incessant worker for his constituents in all directions, so that they loved and honored him.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was one of the kindest-hearted men I ever knew. His grief was extreme for the loss of one he loved. I know, as do many others, the saddening effect upon his life of the death of his cousin, the late Timothy P. Sullivan. He never ceased to grieve over that loss, and I doubt if a day passed thereafter when he did not live over again the charming relations he had been permitted for years to enjoy. It was a blow from which he never recovered, and no doubt was in a large measure responsible for his lingering illness that finally brought him to his end. Mr. Speaker, I could go on for an unlimited period of time dwelling upon the public services he has rendered, his record for honest and intelligent service to not only the people of the Nation, but particularly to the people of the city of New York, which is too well known to be referred to here by me. His influence could always be relied upon in favor of those things that were for the right.

His spirit was not that of a warrior trampling and crushing those who stood in the way of his ambition. On he ventured along the pathway, a bright smile upon his face, a willing hand to help the helpers on their way, and lo, when he reached the river a great multitude are gathered on its bank with rueful countenance, and when the boatman appears to bear him hence there is still a greater multitude with outstretched hands to greet him on the shore.

ADDRESS OF MR. METZ, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was a self-made man, therefore an imperfectly made man. It is God alone who can make man in His own image, though many a worse man than SULLIVAN has plumed himself on having done the job in his own complacent person. SULLIVAN got only so far as the sympathies—these he did develop until they became and continued a fountain of good. Is it not said that much must be forgiven of him who loved much?

This deep tenderness of heart was a main trait of his. I remember that in 1905 we were fellow passengers on the *Campania*. It was his first trip abroad. Night was falling as we approached the coast of Ireland. Already the home lights twinkled against the shadow of the land. He came up behind me and laid his hand on my shoulder and stood silently gazing. At length he said, "I would give all I have in the world if my mother could be here in my place to see old Ireland."

SULLIVAN was the child of an unknown country, though situated in the very heart of the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere; of a far country, more remote from Fifth Avenue than Paris, though distant but a few blocks away. He was the child of the East Side of New York, that dense, ignorant, heterogeneous district of every people and every tongue and yet the melting pot, the forcing ground, whence issues stalwart Americanism; and yet the spot where the flag is saluted with intensest fervor and the ideals of liberty receive the most devout adoration.

In its stifling heat, its piercing cold, its pervasive penury, its dearth of comforts which to so many mean civili-

zation. SULLIVAN grew from a rough boyhood into a burly manhood, always developing along the lines of his environments, until he became a very part of them, a very type of them—master of the masses with whom he lived through his perfect understanding and his absolute sympathy. He knew and could act, while they could only feel. And there, as everywhere else in this country, it is attributes and not advantages that make American success.

And he had the striking, winning attributes of his environments, had TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN. He was handsome of countenance, stalwart of frame, gracious of manner, ready of wit, as quick in comprehension as he was responsive in action. Those diverse people, so pressed and oppressed by need and want, too often dumbly endured, as their European forefathers had been trained to do. Ignorance made them doubtful and suspicious. Heredity and experience made them fearful of civic authority. The law—it was not for them, except to persecute and punish. In their stress they turned to SULLIVAN as to their natural leader, bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, a very part, but a superior, potent part; relying unreservedly on his knowledge, his wisdom, his generosity, his power, and, above all, on his loyalty. They believed with supreme faith that whatever the trouble he would remedy it, bringing to it the swift, competent attention of that go-after-it, do-and-get-done-with-it spirit which I venture to assert is a characteristic of the much-maligned New Yorker.

And he never failed them, did TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN. He gave bread, he found work, he paid the rent, he cared for the sick, he buried the dead, he protected the unfortunate, he sought mercy for the criminal. He was a little father, a tribune of the people, a feudal chieftain. We often hear of the hopelessness of the submerged tenth—

the men who are down and out. Well, SULLIVAN always had hope for the least of these. They might be down in the lowest depths, but there was always a way out through him.

Of course he got his reward—the implicit obedience, the unfaltering following; but it was a willing, a glad reward. Of course such autocratic leadership, such extra-legal, if not lawless, power, such an *imperium in imperio*, in fine, was anomalous to our institutions and repugnant to our ethics; but it was practicable; it ameliorated conditions that otherwise would have remained heart-rending. Of course, too, as public and private agencies have become more effective and far-reaching, the crying but unheeded needs that made him and his career possible now receive organized attention. A change for the better this—yes; though the quick heart of the unfortunate turns more readily to the publican than to the Pharisee.

Thus TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN has no successor; he was the end of his line. Yet in a sincere, if narrow, sense he was a true Representative. He stood for his people every time.

And every time his people stood for him; nor has death slackened the tenseness of their affectionate allegiance. Already he is the hero of a legend, immortalized in folklore. The good that he did lives after him; the evil is interred with his bones. The highest memorial of TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN is the love of the multitudes who came to him for help, and who never came in vain.

ADDRESS OF MR. DOOLING, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was in every way a product of New York City, and in his life and character was typical of the city in which he passed his life and fought his way against overwhelming odds from poverty and obscurity to wealth and eminence.

The tributes of loving memory that have been paid to him since his tragic death by every class that makes up the great metropolis prove that not even death could separate him from the affectionate regard of the people who have known him through the long years that he lived amongst them, sharing their joys and sorrows, mingling in their pleasures, fighting side by side with them in their battles of life, and comforting and aiding them in their days of trouble and distress.

It was my great good fortune to know TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN personally and well. For over a quarter of a century he was my friend and I his, and in common with everyone who knew him well I realized the greatness of his nature, the magnificent courage and ability that made him such a formidable antagonist in political struggles; but, above all, we who knew him most of all understood the generous warmth of his great heart, the unfailing love of his fellow man, and his faith and trust in the poorest and the humblest of his neighbors, a trust which was repaid by them with a loyalty and devotion which has rarely been equaled in the history of the city he lived in.

Everywhere that TIMOTHY SULLIVAN went he made a host of friends. It was my fortune to serve in the Senate of New York State after he had ceased to be a member, and the memories of his genial personality were to be

found in every part of the State capitol and among all kinds and conditions of men.

He realized in its absolute and literal meaning the immortal phrase of Jefferson that "all men are created equal" and lived up to the principle with a sincerity and consistency not often seen. To him the newsboy, the bootblack, the laborer, were brothers and friends and received the same unfailing and innate kindly courtesy that he bestowed on the man of wealth or eminence.

He was in his personal relations one of the most lovable men I ever met. His affectionate solicitude for his widowed mother is so well known that it is not necessary to repeat the touching story of those brave years of his early childhood when at the age of 8 he started to help her fight the hard struggle of existence with her children after her husband's death. Devoted to his family, his early manhood was spent in working for their comfort and support and the filial devotion that characterized his childhood remained with him through all of his busy, eventful life.

He had many enemies, as all successful men have. He was abused by those who could not understand his motives nor appreciate his work; but amid all the hard and bitter strife that attends success in business and politics in a great city like New York he never lost his unfailing good nature nor his kindly spirit to all mankind.

Loved by his friends, respected by his enemies, to the older men who knew him he was a tried and trusty comrade; to the younger men who knew him he was a helpful guide and leader; to all who knew him a constant, loyal, and beneficent friend; and in the days to come when the history of the great city of New York in the latter part of the nineteenth and early years of the twentieth century are written there will be no brighter name in the list of names who helped to make New York the greatest city of the greatest country in the world than

ADDRESS OF MR. DOOLING, OF NEW YORK

the name of him to whom we pay to-day our last tribute of respect and admiration; than this man, the friend of the oppressed, the foe of the oppressor, the benefactor of his fellow men, TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN.

Mr. LEVY. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Members may have five legislative days in which to extend their remarks in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from New York [Mr. Levy] asks unanimous consent that Members who have not participated in to-day's ceremonies may have five legislative days in which to extend their remarks in the Record. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

ADJOURNMENT

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Gentlemen, in accordance with the resolution previously adopted, the House now stands adjourned until 12 o'clock noon to-morrow.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 40 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned to meet to-morrow, Monday, June 22, 1914, at 12 o'clock noon.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

MONDAY, *September 15, 1913.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, late a Representative from the State of New York, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

September 13, 1913.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of 20 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expense in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk and ask for their present consideration.

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, late a Representative from the State of New York.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE SULLIVAN

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the Vice President, to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The Presiding Officer appointed under the second resolution as the committee on the part of the Senate Mr. O'Gorman, Mr. Root, Mr. Swanson, Mr. Martine of New Jersey, Mr. James, and Mr. Brandegee.

Mr. GALLINGER. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to, and (at 4 o'clock and 35 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Thursday, September 18, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m.

TUESDAY, June 23, 1914.

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, transmitted resolutions of the House on the life and public services of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, late a Representative from the State of New York.



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